

Brink

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Summary: In that moment Hiccup could see how desperately Jack needed him, because he never knew when he was standing on the edge.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N: Alright new story! Unlike Corny Song there's no real end goal here, just kinda tumbling along with it. Here's to more Hijack! : )\*\*

The day they met it was storming horribly. Rain was practically non-stop, guaranteeing total soakage after five seconds outside, and thunder boomed constantly.

Hiccup remembered walking to school that day, sneezing constantly and figuring he was sure to be sent home as soon as he got to Cowrie Elementary, and wouldn't be surprised if him and anybody else walking to school would wind up with hypothermia. He was usually driven to school, but he'd stayed with grandfather Old Wrinkly (the elder insisted on the name so the youth just went with it) and when he'd asked that morning for aide in getting to it the man launched into a speech about how he walked fifty miles to his school house when he'd been a kid (the same one his parents heard again and again and always assured him it was barely five miles) and how a little exercise wouldn't hurt, handed him a raincoat and galoshes and shoved him outside.

'\_Woe is me.\_' Hiccup thought bitterly, standing at the last crosswalk that'd lead him to the brick building he learned he'd be forced to go to until his teen years (and he was only just turning eight!), nose itching and throat tickling at the need to sneeze eighty times in a row and hack up his stomach in the process. His feet squished in his galoshes, a bit of a puddle having gathered in it, and raised a hand to wipe at his dripping nose.

He wasn't alone, there was a mother and her two kids there, a boy and a girl. The girl had slipped away to go jump in some puddles, and the

woman had asked the boy to stay put while she went to go retrieve the little Kindergartner. The boy just stared ahead, occasionally twirling the umbrella over his head, if he guessed they seemed to be in the same grade. He started to question why the light was taking so long to change, they'd been there for close to seven minutes (he knew, counting out time helped calm him) and exactly why was it taking so long for that mother to chase down that girl? He glanced over his shoulder and saw that the child had proceeded to bolt all the way back down the sidewalk behind him, and he couldn't help but feel pity for the adult. He turned back around fully not expecting to see the boy that had been standing next to him walking onto the road with an SUV screaming down it.

In an instant he'd thrown his hand out to grab onto the loop on the kids backpack and yanked hard (harder than he thought he could) and squeaked as they both went toppling back, falling onto their butts on the sidewalk. The SUV went along, as if the life of a child hadn't almost ended, but graciously splashed the two of them as it went by.

Hiccup sat for a moment, comprehending what happened, before turning to the boy next to him.

"What were you thinking?! You almost coulda been killed! That car was literally right there!"

The boy had lost his grip on his umbrella, so Hiccup could now see the brunette hair (now soaking wet) and the foggy blue eyes he possessed, and blinked as he patted a hand around to try and find it.

"There was? I coulda sworn I heard the street light click. . ."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, who could hear something as tiny sounding as that, especially with the thunder that still rolled at that moment?

"Well, in case your deaf, there's kind of thunder, and lots of it."

The boy pouted as he finally found his umbrella, a bit of ways behind him, shutting it and using it to help himself up.

"I'm not deaf, but I was able to hear it through a ton of construction noise one time."

Hiccup could only roll his eyes as he got himself up too, hearing the return of the mother with a fussy girl in tow.

"Jack are you alright? I saw you were getting up, did you trip and fall?"

He sighed and uselessly scrubbed at his face to try and rid some of the water dripping on it.

"No, well kinda, this boy pulled me back after he saw a car driving at me."

The woman gasped, twisting him around to face her, and began to

frantically check over him.

"Jack I told you to wait! Even if the light had changed you were supposed to wait for me, you know that! You're lucky this nice boy was here to save you."

She then turned and acknowledged Hiccup, giving him a grateful smile.

"Thank you so much young man, thank goodness you were here."

Hiccup wasn't usual one to be praised, and he found himself blushing despite how freezing he felt at the gratitude.

"I-It wasn't a problem Miss."

She stood up and firmly took hold of both of her kids' hands, looking around.

"Do you have your Mommy or Daddy with you?"

He shook his head and stared down at a puddle, watching ripples come and go.

"No, I came from my grandfather's, my parents had to go to a wedding and asked him to watch me. I asked him to drive me to school but he told me to walk instead."

She chuckled as the light finally changed (ten minutes) and they started to cross, Jack dragging his umbrella behind him and the little girl stomping in every little puddle the whole way.

"Well then, thank God for you being here. What's your name sweetie?"

He looked down at the ground, whispering out his name. It had started off as a cruel chant some of the kids used against him. The full thing was '\_Hiccup! The Useless! You can't do, anything!' \_looking back it was a stupid chant that didn't even rhyme, but it still hurt all the same to a young child that still had many horrors in the world to experience. Eventually it caught on and he now responded to it, his mother didn't like it and still called him by his true name Henry. He remembered how even more upset she'd gotten when his father started calling him by the nickname too.

She smiled and tugged her daughter back by her side, whom had tried to pull away to go chase after a gray bunny that had hopped by.

"What a unique name, perfect for a unique boy like you."

The compliment threw him off, he'd never been complimented on it before. It was what it was, an insult and a label, he'd read somewhere that the runt of the litter in any kind of species was called a hiccup. If it survived. He muttered a thanks before they fell into silence, and he subconsciously began to count how much the thunder boomed every minute, and the average was six when the woman spoke up again.

"Do you happen to be in third grade?"

He looked up at her and nodded, noting that the entrance to the school was coming up fast. They reached it, stopping as she leaned down and started to whisper to him.

"Could I ask you to keep an eye on Jack? It's his first day of school here, a familiar voice would really help him-"

"I can still hear you know."

Hiccup looked and saw Jack staring ahead, jaw clenched. Without thinking he nodded his head,

"Sure, I'd be glad to."

Jack's look hardened and he struggled to pull his hand from his mom's.

"I don't need a babysitter, I can take care of myself!"

"Jack, stop! I only want-"

He succeeded in escaping the grip, storming off through the open wide door of the school. She sighed and looked down at Hiccup, giving a weary smile.

"Thank you. I wouldn't have asked but I wanted to make sure my daughter got to her first day alright."

He gave her a shy smile, pushing a lock of stray hair out of his face.

"No problem."

They parted ways and Hiccup hurried inside to see if he could find the boy, pondering as he went. Why exactly did Jack need help? There didn't seem to be anything too seriously wrong with him, no he took that back, if walking out into the middle of a road because he thought he heard a street light click wasn't a sign enough of something being wrong. . .

After a while he realized that he'd be late if he searched any longer, so he gave up and proceeded to his class, probably wouldn't see him until lunch, or even the end of the day. . .

He was proven wrong the second he stepped into his classroom, blinking when he spotted Jack at the teacher's desk, talking with him. And there was another teacher that hadn't been in there before standing next to them, he recognized her as the aide for the Special Education students, most commonly from walking some of the more disabled kids with Down syndrome or Angelman's throughout the school and visiting different classrooms. She wore very bright clothes every day, and the gloomy rain made no exception. She was wearing a bright green dress with dangling golden accessories everywhere, and purple rainboots on.

He went to go sit down in his assigned seat, at one of the four clusters of desks shoved into a circle, he shared it with Fishlegs (another victim of a new nickname thanks to a mean chant) the twins (Ruffnut and Tuffnut) his mean cousin (Snotlout, he apparently

thought it was a really great nickname) and Astrid (the only person besides Fishlegs that treated him better than everybody else). The usual morning paper balls from the twins were flung at him and he fought down a sneeze as he plopped down next to Fishlegs, whom began to feverishly whisper at him.

"Did you see the new kid? He's part of Special Education, but I wonder if he's going to be here the whole time? Do you think he'll be walking around like Clueless and Dogsbreath? But I wonder what's wrong with him, he obviously doesn't have anything like what they have, I wonder if it's some kind of mental problem? Like Asperger's?"

He was cut off there as Gobber (He was supposed to be called Mr. Belchan, but after a year of being giggled at and called Mr. Belch he decided to just have kids call him by his first name) walked up to the front, Jack following him up with a hand on the man's prosthetic arm.

"Quiet down children! We gotta new studen' today! Everybody, give a warm welcome to Jack here."

The typical faint 'Hi so-and-so' resonated out as Gobber moved his hand to place a shoulder on the young boy, whom almost fell at the sudden force of it.

"Jack here will be spending his time 'ere every day before we leave for lunch, and he'll join us for specials and recess. I'll say this now, Jack here is blind. We all know what that means, raight?"

Hushed whispers immediately followed the last sentence, and Hiccup wanted to smack himself. Of course, that made sense! He had been fumbling around for his umbrella when they fell with difficulty, and he kept staring straight ahead, that should have been sign enough for him.

"Quiet down, all of you! All I'm asking is that you be careful, don't be treating him any differently for wot he can't help. He's only different, not less."

He gestured over to the aide standing to the side, gently pushing Jack to go over to her.

"We'll also be joined by the lovely Miss Tooth, perchance yu've seen her walking around with Charlie and Damian to different classrooms. She'll mostly be helping Jack, but she'll gladly help you if you ask nicely."

She smiled and waved at the class,

"Hello! I'm so excited to be spending the rest of the year with all of you!"

"Alright, to get started lets go around and say our names and two facts about ourselves for Jack. I'll start, my name is Gobber, I'm yur new teacher, and I firmly believe that trolls exist."

The whole class groaned at the last fact, they'd heard about trolls way too much for their liking, but Hiccup found some interest in

them. He still had yet to figure out why they only stole your left socks. The whole class continued after that, standing up on at a time and following what Gobber said, and he couldn't help but secretly dread when his turn came. He knew everybody would jump at a chance to make fun of him. He groaned as Fishlegs finished and sat down, begrudgingly standing up and facing Jack.

"My name's Henry, but most everybody calls me Hiccup-"

"Because that's what you are!" the class snickered and Gobber frowned and threatened that everybody would pull a stick (the useless disciplinary action the school came up with) and gestured for him to continue. He gulped and stuttered out,

"Uh, I-I like dragons, and-"

"They're stupid like you!" Tuffnut shouted and threw another paper ball at him, smacking him right in the face. Everybody started to laugh and Gobber tried to stop them as they launched into the age old chorus,

"Hiccup! The Useless! You can't do, anything! Hiccup! The Useless! You can't do, anything!"

He tuned them out, his usual tactic of trying to save his dignity, and looked over at Jack. Said boy had his eyebrows furrowed and a confused look in his eyes. He clapped hands over his ears when Miss Tooth raised fingers to her mouth and whistled so loud he was sure everybody was deaf for a few seconds.

She frowned in disapproval at the class and folded her arms in front of her chest.

"That kind of behavior is unacceptable, completely atrocious! There was no need to interrupt Henry, and there never should be ever again! You are all third graders, you should know better."

Everybody had the decency to look ashamed, they'd never gotten such a telling-off for the things they did to Hiccup before.

". . . Well then, we all done? Good, let's get started on today's lesson then."

Gobber started to take them through their daily routine, answering a few questions and discussing a few things before going on to start Math. Hiccup slunk down into his seat, mortified at being defended. Despite the response received, he was sure to be pushed around later for causing this. Just a part of the routine he was forced to pick up. He couldn't help but glance up as Miss Tooth helped Jack to his seat, at the cluster next to him, taking out something as Jack sat down. The mysterious item was what looked like a type writer, but smaller with only six keys on it. He placed his hands on it and started to type away, he guessed listening as Miss Tooth told him the problems written out on the board up front.

He admits he got distracted, he couldn't help but wonder what kind of thing he was using, how it worked and if it typed out words like a typewriter or braille, and before he knew it everybody was lining up for lunch, and he found himself in line with Jack at the very end.

He looked at him and smiled, hand stretched out hesitantly.

"Um, hi, it's me, Hiccup. I didn't think we'd have the same class-"

He was shocked at the scowl that graced Jack's face.

"I don't need you. My Mom is just way too over protective, so don't feel the need to hover over me."

Hiccup blinked and put his hand down, looking away and muttering a sorry under his breath. A beat of silence passed between them, and Jack sighed.

"Sorry, it's just, every time I start school, she always asks somebody in my grade to 'keep an eye out on me' and 'be a familiar voice to help' and it gets tiring after a while for those kids to care for a day until they realize I'll be tailed by a Special Ed. Teacher and forget about me."

It was quiet again until Hiccup spoke up,

"I won't do that, as you see-er heard earlier, I'm not very well liked. . . truthfully you're helping me more than I'm helping you."

It was quiet again, and he smiled at hearing Jack laugh.

"Nice to have a change of things for once."

## 2. Chapter 2

The rain had cleared by the end of the day to Jack's enjoyment, smiling as he stepped outside holding onto Mary's hand. He always liked the feel of sunshine on his skin, most people would get irritated by it, but it just reminded Jack to be grateful that he could still feel, just like how he could still hear, smell, and taste.

His Mom said he had been born with healthy vision, but explained that glaucoma had taken it when he was only three. He could just barely remember what seeing was like, and was left with the memory of a blurry snowflake as his only reminder.

He always tried his best to keep his head up and keep moving forward, he couldn't worry about all this when he had a baby sister to worry about.

After walking for a bit he stopped and used his umbrella as a mock cane, tapping it around until it hit something solid. He moved it up and down and listened to the scratching, deciding it was most probably the entrance to the school, the place where his Mom wanted them to wait for her. He couldn't wait for the day he could finally get one of those white canes, and not have to rely on his hands and whatever stick like object he had on hand to help him see.

Their Mom worked a busy job, a secretary for a big toy company that demanded lots of hours. It was a good thing that the boss, a man he

swears is secretly Santa thanks to his loud voice and booming laugh, is more than happy to give her an hour to pick up her kids before dropping them off at a Day Care until her workday ended. It was a well-practiced routine, wait for Mom, hurry along as she asked how their day was until they reached their destination, hasty kisses on cheeks and a wave he couldn't see with a goodbye, then time with the helpers until she came back at six o' clock, sounding tired but happy to see them again.

It was going to start up now, he could hear the click of his mom's heels on the pavement getting closer.

"Hi kids,"

He felt the kiss to his cheek and heard the one on his sister's, and felt the familiar warmth of his Mom's hand as they started to walk off.

"How was your first day?"

Mary immediately started to babble on about her teacher, Mrs. Cull, and how she really liked her classmates and had already made a lot of new friends, but promised that Sophie Bennett would always be her bestest \_best \_friend and nothing would ever change that and what she'd had for lunch, and eventually he tuned it out for the sound of the passing cars and their feet on the sidewalk, and the occasional clicks of the street light changing whenever they reached a crosswalk.

"How about you Jack, how was your day?"

He suppressed a sigh, his new teacher was kinda cool but thought the exact opposite of the class, if how they teased that boy today wasn't proof enough, but he did also like Miss Tooth and meeting some of the other kids he was with for the last half of his day.

"I like my teachers, but not the class."

He swore he could hear the frown on her face, giving his hand a light squeeze.

"Did they say anything to you? If they did you can-"

"No they didn't say anything to me, they did pick on that kid from this morning though."

A light gasp came from his Mom's mouth up above him.

"You mean that sweet boy Hiccup? Did he say anything?"

He shook his head, lifting his umbrella up to the side to tap against whatever they passed by, a metal fence, a sign, a mailbox, a lamp post. . .

"He didn't have to, they teased him right at the beginning of class."

"In front of the teacher?"

He nodded, putting the tip of the umbrella on the ground and slowly

moving it side-to-side, he had to practice for the real thing one day.

"Oh, that poor boy. They better have gotten some kind of punishment."

Jack grinned as he remembered his aide's reaction to the whole thing.

"My teacher aide yelled at them, I wish I coulda seen their faces!"

"Oh how was she?"

He continued to tell her about his day, only talking about his time with the Special Education class because of the moment when Dogsbreath decided to drop his pants in the middle of recess and go to the bathroom, and how it was much better than those in the past he'd attended. The only reason he'd had such a history was because he was following along a program for blindness, and they actually switched between a lot of schools. He'd been to at least three different ones during Kindergarten, and the people running the program promised that 'this is the last switch' and he could only hope so. He was getting tired of having to get used to a new school when he was just going to leave it in less than a year.

The familiar sounds of kids screaming and laughing was coming up, and he knew that soon his Mom would leave again. A blast of cool arm signaled to him that they had entered the building, and he strained to hear his favorite day-care helper.

His mom pressed another kiss to his cheek and Mary's, and heard a good-bye before another hand took the one his mom had let go and started to lead him down the hallway he could navigate himself. He still strained past the usual chatter of kids and helpers for the one he wanted to hear the most, the only helper he'd practically his whole life and loved to bother endlessly.

His ears finally picked up a deep chuckle, not too far up ahead, and pulled his hand from the grip and raced down the hall, ignoring the cry of his name in favor and swinging around the door he knew was there, and barreling to where that familiar voice was coming from.

His only warning,

"BUNNY!"

He slammed into giant warm body, holding tight and burying his face into the thick legs and smiling.

"Wha-? Shoulda know it was you mate."

A hand ruffled his hair and he pulled his face away,

"Nobody else calls you Bunny, stupid! You should always know it's me!"

He heard that same deep chuckle before the same hands gently pulled him away, and he heard Bunny crouch down to speak face-to-face with

him. Jack didn't know why he always did that, since he couldn't really see his face, but figured it was habit due to all the other kids.

"Exactly, 'cause you're the only ankle-biter that insists on using it. Go on off, I'm talking with someone important."

Jack frowned at the words, but nodded in understanding.

"Jack you're here!"

There was Jamie, brother of Sophie, running up and linking arms with him like they usually do.

"Come on, the clay station is open!"

He smiled and let himself be lead off, not knowing the sudden change to take place.

Aster shook his head as he watched the two brunet boys run over to the art and crafts area, specifically the clay station. He turned back to the new parent that had sent in the recent application,

"Sorry 'bout that, there any other questions you need answered?"

The woman almost shook her head, stopping to glance over to the spot where her boy was. Skinny little thing he looked like, his shoulders could barely bear the backpack on him, and he was looking around as if somebody was going to pop out and push him down.

"How do you handle bullying here?"

He frowned and folded his arms, stating,

"Zero-tolerance policy, moment we spot a kid doing anything remotely harmful we isolate them for a few minutes and contact the parents, let them know to talk to the kid about it and not to do it again. I figure nothing like that happens at school?"

She shook her head.

"Henry comes home defeated every day, I've tried talking with the school about it but nothing is ever done."

He sighed, he knew that school. Most of the other kids he watched over went to the same one, and a quarter of them underwent the same treatment.

"Don't worry about him here, we'll take good care of him."

She looked at him and smiled gratefully, saying a thank you before walking over to her son. He followed over just in time to hear the kid pleading,

"Mom please I just wanna go home-"

"I know Henry, I want to take you home too, but the promotion I got asks that I work longer, and I don't want you home all alone."

"What about Old Wrinkly?"

She sighed and pushed his hair about,

"We can't ask your grandfather to watch you every day, once you're in middle school you can start to stay home by yourself, but not now."

Henry frowned and gripped his backpack straps tighter, lowering his head and whispering,

"What if they make fun of me here?"

Aster had heard enough and spoke up then,

"That'll never happen to ya here, you'll be safe."

The boy had jumped and looked up at him, eyes widening at the sight, blinking while the mother looked back and smiled at him before turning back to her son.

"See? Mr. Aster promises none of that will happen, okay?"

Henry stared a bit more before slowly nodding, his mother smiling and giving him a tight hug.

"Your father will be here to pick you up at six, and I'll see you at dinner, alright sweetie?"

He nodded again, hugging her tight before they pulled away. She pressed a kiss to his forehead before turning to Aster, a grateful look on her face.

"Thank you so much, for accepting this so suddenly."

He smiled and shook her hand, walking her to the door.

"No problem ma'am, Claussen Day Care is happy to help in any way. It'll be a bloke by the name of Stoick that'll come pick him up, right?"

"Yes, again thank you so much."

Hiccup stared after his mom, heart pounding at the thought of three more hours until he reached the safety of home. Who knew what people from his class attended this place, and what they'd do once they saw him? He gulped and went to go put his backpack away, after doing so looking about the area. He noticed the arts and crafts area and immediately went over. He could just stay there the whole time, duck away at a table and draw some dragons, that would ensure total safety.

He was prepared for that, but blinked when he found something he hadn't expected.

Jack was there, along with another boy, playing with clay. The boy was making different shapes, but what Jack was doing interested him more. Jack had his clay spread out in a layer on the table, and was pressing certain fingers into it, before rolling it up into the ball and spreading it out again, and repeating the process.

The other boy looked up from the snowman he'd been making at him, and smiled and waved.

"Hi! Do you wanna use the clay? Four people can use it at a time."

He'd jumped at the voice, but found himself nodding and walking over. He sat down next to Jack, picking up some clay, and started to knead it. He glanced over and saw that Jack was using his fingertips to press dots into the clay.

"Is that. . . braille?"

Jack stopped and turned his head slightly to the side, eyebrows furrowing.

"Hiccup? What're you doing here?"

Hiccup winced, continuing to squeeze the clay in his hands.

"Uh, my Mom got promoted recently, and she said I have to start coming here now."

The brown eyebrows raised and he shrugged.

"Okay then."

Hiccup felt lightly relieved that Jack sounded alright with him being there, even though he hadn't been looking for approval in the first place. He played around with his own clay some more, before looking back at Jack's.

"So, what \_are\_ you doing with that?"

He stopped in the middle of pressing two of his fingertips into it, turning his head slightly to him again.

"It's something Bunny came up with for me, to help practice braille. I already know it, but I like doing this."

He went back to what he was doing, but Hiccup was interested. He flattened out the clay like how Jack did, and he started to mimic Jack. He didn't really know braille, but maybe Jack would tell him.

"So uh, what did you write there?"

"My name."

Hiccup ran his fingers over the impressions on his own clay, doing his best to commit them to memory. He continued to mimic Jack, kneading the clay and spreading it, then copying the impressions he made, and asking every time what the word was.

After a while the other boy had gone off, and it was just him and Jack, but now Jack was teaching him braille. He was going over the punctuations and contractions, how to put in commas and periods, and they spent quite a while there. Hiccup liked learning something new, something different that others didn't know much. Jack liked having

somebody who wanted to learn it, to help understand him.

Eventually six rolled around way too quick for them, and they found their parent waiting for them.

Jack smiled and said goodbye before his Mom lead him away, and leaving Hiccup with his father.

Things were awkward between them, his father made small talk as they drove home, and he only responded with a 'yeah' or a 'no' or a shake or nod of the head. Eventually it fell into silence as they arrived home. Hiccup scurried into the house and up the stairs, only wanting to change into something more comfortable and hide away until dinner.

Dinner went as it usually did, his mom and dad talking while he sat and quietly ate. It seemed like things would go okay, until his dad spoke up,

"So, how was the after-school care Hiccup?"

Before he got the chance to even peep his mother spoke back,

"That's not his name Stoick, you know what it is."

"By God Val, it's just a nickname!"

"A nickname used to ridicule him! You know how wrong it is!"

"Well maybe he wants to be called it! It suits him better!"

Hiccup slowly slipped down in his seat. Every time this happened still scared him so much. He touched down onto the floor and carefully slipped away, his parents too into the fight to notice.

"A name like that doesn't suit a young child like him!"

"He's the scrawniest boy I've seen, definitely works better than Henry!"

He made it to his room, shutting the door and scrambling up into bed, ducking under the covers with the toy dragon his mother had made him, doing his best to shut out the yells from downstairs.

"He is your son! You shouldn't be calling him that!"

"I'm the man of the house, I can damn well call him whatever I want to!"

He buried his head into his pillow, secretly hoping it'd suffocate him, counting the minutes that passed of their yelling.

He hated being such a problem.

He hated being such a hiccup.

End  
file.